

## THE SOUTHERN EDITOR.

### Journalism in Tennessee.

By Mark Twain.

(From the Buffalo Express.)

The editor of the Memphis *Assault* comes this morning down upon a correspondent who posted him as a Radical. "While he was writing the first word, the middle, dotting his i's, crossing his t's, and punching his period, he knew he was concocting a sentence that was saturated with infamy and seeking with falsehood."—*Exclamation.*

I was told by the physician that a Southern climate would improve my health, and so I went down to Tennessee and got a berth on the *Morning Glory* and *Johnson County War-Wagon*, as associate editor. When I went on duty I found the chief editor sitting tilted back in a three-legged chair with his feet on a pine table. There was another pine table in the room, and another affixed chair and both were half buried under newspapers and scraps and sheets of manuscript. There was a wooden box of sand, sprinkled with cigar stubs and "old soldiers," and a stove hanging by its upper hinges. The chief editor had a long-tailed black cloth frock coat on, and white linen pants. His boots were small and neatly blacked. He wore a ruffled shirt, a large seal ring, a standing collar of obsolete pattern, and a checkered neckerchief with the ends hanging down. Data of costume, about 1855. He was smoking a cigar and trying to think of a word, and in pawning his hair he had rumpled his locks a good deal. He was scowling fearfully, and I judged that he was concocting a particularly knotty editorial. He told me to take the exchanges and skim through them and write up the "Spirit of the Tennessee Press," condensing into the article all of their contents that seemed of interest.

I wrote as follows:

#### "SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS."

"The editors of the *Semi-Weekly Earthquake* evidently labor under a misapprehension with regard to the Ballyhack railroad. It is not the object of the company to leave Buzzardville off to one side. On the contrary they consider it one of the most important points along the line, and consequently can have no desire to slight it. The gentlemen of the *Earthquake* will, of course take pleasure in making the correction."

"John W. Blossom, Esq., the able editor of the *Higginsville Thunderbolt* and *Battle Cry of Freedom*, arrived in the city yesterday. He is stopping at the Van Buren Hotel."

"We observe that our contemporary of the *Mad Springs Morning Howl* has fallen into the error of supposing that the election of Van Weter is not an established fact, but he will have discovered his mistake before this reminder reaches him no doubt. He was doubtless misled by incomplete election returns."

"It is pleasant to note that the city of Blathersville is endeavoring to contract with some New York gentlemen to pave its high impassable streets with the Nicholson pavement. But it is difficult to accomplish a desire like this since Memphis got some New Yorkers to do a like service for her and then declined to pay for it. However the *Daily Herald* still urges the measure with ability, and seems confident of ultimate success."

"We are pained to learn that Colonel Bassom, chief editor of the *Dying Shrike* for Liberty, fell in the street a few evenings since and broke his leg. He has lately been suffering with debility, caused by overwork and anxiety on account of sickness in his family, and it is supposed that he fainted from the exertion of walking too much in the sun."

"I passed the manuscript over to the chief editor for acceptance, alteration or destruction. He glanced at it, and his face clouded. He ran his eyes down the pages, and his countenance grew portentous. It was easy to see that something was wrong. Presently he sprang up and said:

"Thunder and lightning! Do you suppose I am going to speak of those cattle that way? Do you suppose my subscribers are going to stand such grub as that? Give me the pen!"

"I never saw a pen scrape and scratch his way so victoriously, or plough through another man's verbs and adjectives so relentlessly. While he was in the midst of his work somebody shot at him through the open window, and marred the symmetry of his ear."

"Ah," said he, "that is that second-rate Smith, of the *Moral Polacco*—he was due yesterday. And he snatched a navy revolver from his belt and fired. Smith dropped, shot in the thigh. The shot spoiled Smith's aim, who was just taking a second aim, and he crippled a stranger. It was me. Merely a finger shot off."

"Then the chief editor went on with his erasures and interlineations. Just as he finished them, a hand-grenade came down the stove pipe, and the explosion shivered the stove into a thousand fragments. However, it did no further damage, except that a ragged piece knocked a couple of my teeth out."

"That stove is utterly ruined," said the chief editor.

"I said I believed it was."

"Well, no matter—don't waste this kind of weather. I know the man that did it. I'll get him. Now, here is the way this stuff ought to be written."

"I took the manuscript. It was scrawled with erasures and interlineations till its mother would have known it, if it had had one. It now read as follows:

#### "SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS."

"The inveterate liars of the *Semi-Weekly Earthquake* are evidently endeavoring to palm off upon a noble and chivalrous people another of their vile and brutal falsehoods with regard to that most glorious conception of the nineteenth century, the Ballyhack railroad. The idea that Buzzardville was to be left off at one side, originated in their filthy brains—or rather in the settlements which they regard as brains. They had better swallow this lie, and not stop to chew it, either. If they want to save their abandoned reptile carcasses the cowardly they so richly deserve."

"That see, Blossom of the *Higginsville Thunderbolt* and *Battle-Cry of Freedom*, is down here again, bawling his head at the Van Buren."

"We observe that the bearded blackguard of the *Mad Springs Morning Howl* is giving out with his usual propensity for lying, that Van Weter is not elected. The heaven-born mission of journalism is to disseminate truth—to eradicate error—to educate, refine and elevate the tons of public morose and manners, and make all men more gentle, more charitable, and in all ways better, and lovelier and happier—and yet this black-headed villain, this half-witted miscreant, prostitute, his great office persistently to the dissemination of falsehood, calumny, vituperation and degrading vulgarity. His paper is notorious and ought to be banished to the gambling halls and brothels where the mass of roving pollution which does duty as its editor, lives and moves and has its being."

"Blathersville wants a Nicholson pavement—it wants a jail and a poor house more. The idea of a pavement is a one-horse town with two gin-mills and a blacksmith shop in it, and that mustard-plaster of a newspaper, the *Daily Herald*, better borrow of Memphis,

where the article is cheap. The crawling insect, Buckner, who edits the *Herald* is trying about this business with his customary loud-mouthed impudence, and imagining that he is talking sense. Such fool naphthalene acum as this verminous Buckner, are a disgrace to journalism."

"That degraded ruffian, Bassom, of the *Dying Shrike* for Liberty, fell down and broke his leg yesterday—pity it wasn't his neck. He says it was 'debility, caused by overwork and anxiety.' It was debility caused by trying to lug six gallons of forty rod whisky around town when his hide is only gauged for four, and anxiety about where he was going to burn another six. He 'fainted' from the exertion of walking too much in the sun! And well he might say that—but if he would walk straight he would get just as far and not have to walk half as much. For years the pure air of this town has been rendered perilous by this pernicious pestilence, this puffy blight, this steaming animated tank of mendacity, gin and profanity, this Bassom! Perish all such from out the sacred and majestic mission of journalism!"

"Now that is the way to write—peppery and to the point. Mush-and-milk journalism is the fan-tail."

About this time a brick came through the window with a splintering of a crash, and gave me a considerable of a jolt in the back. I moved out of range—I began to feel in the way. The chief said:

"That was the Colonel, likely. I've been expecting him for two days. He will be up soon right away."

He was correct. The "Colonel" appeared in the door a moment afterward, with a dragon revolver in his hand. He said:

"Sir, I have the honor of addressing the white-livered poltroon who edits this mangy sheet!"

"You have—be seated, sir—be careful of the chair, one of its legs is gone. I believe I have the honor of addressing the blatant, black-hearted scoundrel, Col. Blathersville Tecumseh!"

"The same. I have a little account to settle with you. If you are at leisure, we will begin."

"I have an article on the 'Encouraging Progress of Moral and Intellectual Development in America, to finish, but there is no hurry. Begin!'"

Both pistols rang out their fierce clatter at the same instant. The chief lost a lock of his hair, and the Colonel's bullet ended his career in the fleshy part of my thigh. The Colonel's left shoulder was clipped a little. They fired again. Both missed their little time, but I got my share, a shot in the arm. At the third fire both gentlemen were wounded slightly, and I had a knock chip-ped. I then said, I believe I would go out and take a walk, as this was a private matter, and I had a delicacy about participating in it further. But both gentlemen begged me to keep my seat and assured me that I was not in the way. I had thought differently, up to this time.

They then talked about the elections and the crops, and I fell to tugging up my wounds. But presently they opened fire again with animation, and every shot took effect—but it is proper to remark that five out of the six fell to my share. The sixth one mortally wounded the Colonel, who remarked, with fine humor, that he would have to say good morning now, as he had business up town. He then inquired the way to the undertaker's, and left. The chief turned to me and said:

"I am expecting company to dinner, and shall have to get ready. It will be a favor to me if you will read proof and attend to the customers."

I winced a little at the idea of attending to the customers, but I was too unbalanced by the fusillade that was still ringing in my ears to think of anything to say. He continued:

"Jones will be here at 3 o'clock. I am Gillette will call earlier perhaps, throw him out of the window. Ferguson will come about 4—kill him. That is all for to-day. I believe. If you have any odd time, you may write a blistering article on the police—give the Chief Inspector rats. The howlscars under the table; weapons in the drawer—ammunition there in the corner—lint and bandages up there in the pigeon-hole. In case of accident go to Lanet, the surgeon, down stairs. He advertises—we take out in trade."

"Jones will be here at 3 o'clock. At the end of the next three hours I had been through perils so awful that all peace of mind and all cheerfulness had gone from me. Gillespie had called, and thrown me out of the window. Jones arrived promptly, and when I got ready to do the cowardling, he took the job off my hands. In an encounter with a stranger, not in the bill of fare, I had lost my scalp. Another stranger, by the name of Thompson, left me a mere wreck, and ruin of chaotic rags. And at last, at bay in the corner, and beset by an infuriated mob of editors, blacklegs, politicians and desperadoes, who raved and swore and flourished their weapons about my head till their shimmers with glancing flashes of steel. I was in the act of resigning my berth on the paper when the chief arrived, and with him a rabble of charmed and enthusiastic friends. Then ensued a scene of riot and carnage such as no human pen, or steel one either, could describe. People were shot, probed, dismembered, blown up, thrown out of the window. There was a brief tourney of murky blasphemy, with a contest and frantic war-dance glimmering through it, and then all was over. In five minutes there was silence, and the gory chief and I sat alone and surveyed the sanguinary ruins that strewn the floor around us. He said:

"You'll like this place when you get used to it."

"I'll have to get you to excuse me. I think maybe I might write suitably, after while, as soon as I had some practice, and learned the language—I am confident I could. But to speak the plain truth, that sort of energy of expression has its inconveniences, and a man is liable to interruption. You see that, yourself. Vigorous writing is calculated to elevate the public, no doubt, but then I do not like to attract so much attention, as I call for it. I can't write with comfort when I am interrupted so much as I have been to-day. I like this berth well enough, but I don't like to be left here to wait on the customers. The experiences are novel, I grant you, and entertaining, too, after a fashion, but they are not judiciously distributed. A gentleman shoots at you, through the window, and cripples you; a bomb-shell comes down the stove pipe for your gratification and sends the stove door down my throat; a friend drops in to swap compliments with you, and freckles me with bullet holes till my skin won't hold my principles; you go to dinner, and Jones comes with his howlscars, Gillespie throws me out of the window, Thompson tears at my clothes off, and an entire stranger takes my scalp with the easy freedom of an old acquaintance; and in less than five minutes all the blackguards in the country arrive in their war paint and proceed to scare the rest of me to death with their tomahawks. Take it altogether, I never had such a worried time in all my life as I have had to-day. No I like you, and I like your calm, untroubled way of explaining things to the customers, but you see I am not used to it. The Southern heart is too impulsive—Southern hospitality is too lavish with the stranger. The paragraphs which I have written to-day, and into whose cold sentences your masterly hand has infused the fervent spirit of Tennessee journalism will wake up another nest of hornets. All that mob of editors will come—and they will come hungry, too, and want somebody for breakfast. I shall have to bid you adieu."

decline to be present at these festivities. I came South for my health—I will go back on the same errand, and suddenly, Tennessee journalism is too stirring for me." After which, we parted, with mutual regret, and took apartments at the hospital.

MARK TWAIN.

### General John A. Rawlins.

John A. Rawlins was born in Jo-Darless county, Illinois, not far from Galena on the 18th day of February, 1831. He had but a common education, his parents being in moderate circumstances, and his early advantages were slight. With the exception of two winters at the district school, and eight months at an academy in Mount Morris, Illinois, he was engaged, from the time he became old enough to work until the year 1852, when he became a clerk in a law office, and was admitted to the bar in October, 1855. He formed a partnership with Mr. Stevens, who entertained decided partiality for his pupil, whose strong qualities he had not failed to discover. He continued the practice of his profession until the breaking out of the war.

Having made the acquaintance of General Grant at Galena, and gained his warm friendship, he went with him as a staff officer, and their association through the war was of the most intimate character.

General Rawlins had no military experience prior to this service. He had taken a somewhat active part in politics as a Douglas Democrat, and was candidate for President elector in 1860, canvassing the Galena District with his Republican competitor. After favoring the vain efforts made at conciliation during the subsequent winter, he required only the news of the firing on Fort Sumpter to determine the part he should thereafter take. He addressed a public meeting at Galena when the news of that event was received, the presiding officer of the occasion being "Mr. U. S. Grant," and warmly advocated the most effective measures for suppressing the rebellion.

After an honorable military career in the late war, during nearly the whole of which, we believe, he was associated with General Grant, he accepted the position of Secretary of war upon the accession of his commander to the Presidency, a position he held until the day of his death.

On Sunday afternoon knowing that his death was at hand, General Rawlins desired religious services in his room, and was subsequently baptized by a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During Sunday night he rested comfortably, though gradually failing. His mind remained clear and he was fully conscious of his declining condition. He was able to converse intelligently, and he was fully conscious of his declining condition. He was able to converse intelligently, and he was fully conscious of his declining condition.

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ledge their debt of gratitude to him. In consultation with friends it is determined that he shall be buried in the Congressional burying ground as the most appropriate place, unless you have other suggestions to make. The time of the funeral is not arranged, but probably will take place on Thursday night.

(Signed) "C. S. GRANT."

### THE FUNERAL.

An informal Cabinet meeting was held Monday night at the Executive mansion, there being present Secretaries Cox and Robinson and Postmaster General Creswell with the President, and for a short time General Sherman and other army officers. The object of the meeting was to mature arrangements for the funeral of the late Secretary of War. It has been decided that the funeral shall take place on Thursday morning at ten o'clock. The remains are to be escorted to the Congressional Cemetery, which has been deemed an appropriate place for the burial. These arrangements are, however, subject to any modification the widow of the late Secretary may suggest, or perhaps to such action as may be taken by his own State, Illinois, the following telegram having been forwarded to Governor Palmer by General John S. Smith:

WASHINGTON, September 6, 6 P. M.—General Rawlins died at 4 1/2 this evening. Illinoisans wish to express with regard to the death of his remains.

### An Earthquake Coming.

A CALIFORNIA SAVANT PREDICTS A HEAVY SHAKING UP OF THINGS IN SEPTEMBER OR OCTOBER.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* publishes the following prediction made by a local philosopher, W. Frank Stewart:

During the past eighteen months the earth and other planets completed the most remarkable conjunction which has ever occurred; and on the night of the 14th of last November we again witnessed the grand thirty-four-year storm. Every intelligent person is aware that for a period of nearly two years our globe has been subjected to violent perturbations, such as have not before occurred for many centuries. These perturbations have been generally over the surface of the planet. Signs, typhoons, volcanoes, earthquakes, intense cold, and scorching winds have alternately spent their fury upon the denizens of every clime.

By careful observations, astronomers have found that in a period of about eleven years the sun turns towards us a remarkably spotted disc, and it has also been observed that any such changes of light and shade upon the sun during this spotted period justly affect terrestrial magnets. It is well known that in the autumn of 1859 one of these sun-spot perturbations was immediately followed by one of the most brilliant aurora borealis ever witnessed in the northern hemisphere, and still more surprising the magnetic effect of the aurora was so great that messages were freely sent over telegraphic lines without connection with the batteries and by means of the auroral current alone. Many additional facts, showing the connection of celestial with terrestrial magnetism might be given, but I have neither the time nor room at present. Suffice it to say, that as the earth's magnetic forces are now and for many months have been greatly disturbed by comical influences; and as we have recently made our annual transit through the nebulous belt; and as the sun's surface is at this moment, as the moon is unusual number of spots; and as the moon on the 7th August passed between us and the sun, thereby causing an additional magnetic disturbance upon the earth; and as we on the Pacific coast are now experiencing an unusually protracted dry season, the inevitable precursor of temblors in this part of the world; for the foregoing and many other potent reasons, I predict a heavy earthquake to take place early next autumn, as soon as moist clouds float into the dry, vaporous atmosphere.

ONLY.

Only one drop of water at a time that has found its way from the mighty ocean to the dikes, and was slowly wearing a little channel only one drop. Yet if that little child in his moving ramble had not noticed it, who can tell what the terrible result might have been!

Only a stray sunbeam! Yet perchance it has cheered some wretched shade, gladdened some stricken heart, or its golden light found its way through the leafy branches of some wildwood, kissed the moss covered bank where the tiny violet grows, and shades of beauty to adorn its lovely form.

Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows hath it fanned, how many hearts cheered by its gentle touch!

Only the stray bullet that pierced the lonely soldier boy as he trod the lonely midnight round, faithfully guarding the precious lives entrusted to his keeping, and the sunbeams fell on the cold face of the dead.

Only a drop of ink! And yet it carried news of death to the anxious one at home, and caused the tear of anguish to trickle down the furrowed cheek of a widowed mother.

Only a frown! But it left a sad dreary ache in that child's heart, and the quivering lip and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it.

Only a smile! But ah! it cheered the broken heart, engendered a ray of hope and cast a halo of light around the unhappy patient, made the bestridden one forget his present agony for a moment in the warmth of the sunshine.

Only a word of encouragement—a single word! It gives to the drooping spirit a new life, and the steps press on to victory.

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### The Attorney General on the Status of Virginia.

RICHMOND, Sept. 4.—The following is Attorney General Hoar's opinion, received this morning by Gen. Canby:

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE, Washington, Aug. 28, 1869.

To the Hon. John A. Rawlins, Secretary of War:

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of July 27, 1869, in which you request my opinion upon so much of the questions submitted in letter of the commanding general of the First Military District, dated the 10th inst., and accompanying papers, copies of which are enclosed, as refer to the legal qualifications of officers to be elected under the proposed constitution of the State of Virginia, and specially upon the question whether persons elected to office in such State under said constitution are required by the supplemental reconstruction act of July 19th, 1867, to take and subscribe to the prescribed oath referred to in section 9 of said act, before entering upon the duties of their respective office. The latter question is the only one indicated with such distinctness as to enable me to be fully satisfied that its purport is apprehended, and I confine my answer to that. By the statute of April 10, 1869, the registered voters of Virginia were authorized to vote on the question of the adoption of a constitution for the State, and at the same time to elect officers under it, subject to the provisions of Congress. The vote has been taken in pursuance of the provisions of the act and the election held, and some parts of the constitution submitted have been adopted by the people and others rejected. The parts of the proposed constitution thus adopted, if they shall be approved by Congress, will be the constitution of Virginia, under which all its officers will be required to take, and the qualifications as well as the duties of those officers will be determined by it. When Virginia is restored to its proper relations to the country as a State of the Union, its officers and Legislature will be such as the constitution of the State provides, deriving their powers from that instrument, and it will clearly not be in the power of Congress to impose any requirements of additional qualifications upon them different from those which, under the constitution of the United States, may be required of all States. If, therefore, any tests were to be imposed upon members of the Legislature not provided by the constitution of Virginia, or any restrictions imposed upon the people of the State in their choice of officers, not recognized by it and not made applicable under the legitimate powers of Congress to all the States, the Legislature and officers would not, in my opinion, be the Legislature and officers of Virginia under the constitution. I do not see that Congress can undertake to furnish the State with a suitable Legislature, over its composition which could not be exercised over subsequent legislatures. I am, therefore, of opinion that the oath prescribed by the statute of 1862, and by the statute of July 19, 1867, chapter thirty, section nine, required to be taken by all persons elected or appointed to office in said military districts under any so-called State or municipal authority, is not to be required under the new constitution. It does not seem to me that the provisions of this 9th section, which are applicable to the government of the State under military authority, were intended to apply to the Legislature and officers under whom the State is to be restored to its proper relations to the Union, and by whom the government of the State is to be administered after its restoration. This opinion is strongly confirmed by a reference to the 2d section of the same act, which authorizes the commander of any district named in the act to suspend or remove from office, or from the performance of official powers any officer or person holding or exercising, or professing to hold or exercise, any civil or military office or duty in said district, under any power, election, appointment or authority derived from, or granted by, or claimed under any so-called State, or the Government thereof, and to detail a competent officer or soldier of the army to perform such duties. It would be impossible to suppose that Congress could intend that a Legislature under the constitution of a State could have its members appointed by a detail from soldiers of the army. The only reasonable conclusion seems to me to be that it was not intended that such Legislature should be allowed to exercise and act under a reconstruction was completed, except for the limited and qualified purposes requisite to reconstruction; but, on the other hand, I fully concur with the views of the General commanding in Virginia, that under the reconstruction acts of Congress, no officer or Legislature is competent, or should be permitted to exercise the functions or power of his office within that State, except so far as those acts themselves provide, without taking the oath which is referred to in the statute of 1867 above quoted. The act of April 10, 1869, requires the Legislature to meet at a time which it designates; that it is to meet implies that it is to come together for some purpose. It is required under the previous law to act upon the question of the constitution of the United States before the admission of the State to representation in Congress. I am of opinion, therefore, that it may come together, organize and act upon that amendment, but that until Congress shall have approved the constitution, and the action under it, and shall have restored the State to its proper place in the Union, by recognizing its form of government as republican, and admitting it to representation, the Legislature is not entitled, and could not without violation of law, be allowed to transact any business, pass any act or resolution, or undertake to assume any other functions of a Legislature. If the test oath has not been required of its members; and that no officer elected under the new constitution can enter upon the duties of his office without taking the oath, while military government continues.

Very respectfully,  
E. R. HOAR,  
Attorney General.

A NEW STYLE OF FLOOR COVERING.—An exchange says: "Have all your newspapers, and when you get enough for the purpose, make a paste of for putting on the wall, and then lay down one by one, pasting them till your floor is covered, then let it dry; then lay another in the same way. When again dry get some wall paper of a suitable color, and paste all over it. When dry, go over it again with a coat of varnish, and you have a nice covering for your floor, which will wear as long as a carpet, and look as well as oil cloth. This is a cheap method of covering bedrooms which are not much used."

THE OLDEST MASON IN THE WORLD.—The oldest Mason in the world is supposed to be a resident of Giles county, Va. Mr. David Eaton, The Parishburg Gazette says he was born in Ireland, but does not know his exact age. He has, however, three diplomas—a Blue Lodge, Chapter and Knight Templar. They all bear the date of 1812, the year that Mr. Eaton emigrated. The Knight Templar diploma states that he became a Knight Templar in 1790, a little over seventy years ago. He cannot remember how long he has been a Mason before he became a Knight Templar, but he thinks eight or ten years. Say eight years, and he has been a Mason eighty-seven years, and as he has been twenty-one years old at his initiation, he is now 108 years of age.

STRIKE OF CLEVERMEN.—What amounts to a strike has just been carried out by the journeymen of Philadelphia, who have just signed an agreement not to officiate at funerals unless the physician's certificate that burial on that day is unavoidable.

SOME things come by old names. The most uncommon thing in nature is styled "common sense;" a paper half a mile long is a "brief;" and a melancholy ditty, devoid of sense or meaning, is a "giz."

A prisoner has made a Jack Sheppard escape from the New York Tombs, by squeezing through a six-inch hole and letting himself down forty feet with a rope made from his blanket.

On Monday afternoon one of the most daring and wilful attempts at assassination was made which has ever occurred in our city's annals. Revenue Officer James J